A MANAGER'S MEMORIES.

REMINISCENCES OF "OLD DE ITPO," WHO DIRECTED SALFISH AND OTHERS.

The Great Season of 1873-74, When Salvini, Lucca, Campanial, and Other Famons Actors First Appeared Here-Recollections of Him all Murska—How De Vivo Came to Manage Her-Salvini's Politic Himself H

well after the second act. Between the two entractes I heard in the lobby the unanimous verdict: "He is great, grand, sublime, unapproachable." But after the third act the people were wild. They had exhausted all the adjectives of encomium. I shall never forget, and who ever shall, if he witnessed on that night the thrilling sensation he created in his light the thrilling sensation he created in his "grand scene with lago," his brother Alex."

functionary was a masterpiece of extraordinary skill of execution, never so perfectly sung here to vary other artist. I heard her in her third opera, Mozart's "Magic Flute." as Astroperate, I must contrast this arise showed the in passing of her talent and endowments. The grand aria was the great success of the evening. Lucca was so enraged that she refused to sing it any more. This success of the evening. Lucca was so enraged that she refused to sing it any more. This success of the evening the evening there is a subject to the great success of the evening. The grand aria was the great the showed the interaction of the proposed to the great success of the evening. The grand aria was the great subject to the great success of the evening. The grand aria was the prediction opera, Mozart's "Magic Flute." as Astroperate the showed the interaction opera, Mozart's "Magic Flute." as Astroperate, the showed the interaction opera, Mozart's "Magic Flute." as Astroperate, the showed the interaction opera, Mozart's "Magic Flute." as Astroperate, the showed the interaction opera, Mozart's "Magic Flute." as Astroperate, the showed the interaction opera, Mozart's "Magic Flute." as Astroperate, the showed the interaction opera, Mozart's "Magic Flute." as Astroperate, the showed the interaction opera, Mozart's "Magic Flute." as Astroperate, the showed the interaction opera, Mozart's "Magic Flute." as Astroperate, the showed the interaction opera, Mozart's "Magic Flute." as Astroperate, the showed the interaction operated the showed the interaction operated to the properate the showed the "grand scene with lago," his brother Alex-andro, in the finale of the third act. It was the greatest sensational acting ever seen in New York. The audience en masse rose to their feet with a whirlwind of applause, yelling

and solar face. I congratulated him for the management of the friumb he had scored, and he, in a whingering two the contribution of the friumb he had scored, and he, in a whingering two the contribution of the friend has produced, and it is also have the contribution of the friend has produced. I feel to be the happen actor it has produced. I feel to be the happen actor it has produced. I feel to be the happen actor it has produced. I feel to be the happen actor it has produced. I feel to be the happen actor it has produced. I feel to be the happen actor it has produced. I feel to be the happen actor it has produced. I feel to be the happen actor it has produced. I feel to be the happen actor it has produced. I feel to be the happen actor it has been dealered to be the happen actor it has been dealered to be the happen actor it has been dealered to be the happen actor it has been dealered to be the happen actor it is a state of the control of the contr

bered here as Destemona and Ophelia, and in all other characters she played. The house was crowded from parquet to gallery, representing the fashion, literati, Judges, attorneys-atlaw, Senators, legislators, ministers, priests, authors, managers, prominent journalists, and the dramatic and operatic profession; and no doubt all this congregation of beau monde et talent were there to judge if he was the greatest tragedian of the age, as he had been heralded; and they were not disappointed. On his entrance on the stage, with his imposing figure and historically picturesque costume, a torrent, of applause greeted him, and, as he told me after the act, he was deeply affected by the generous reception, but it did not disturb him, he having been used to it.

His instantaneous success was after the explanation to the Venetian Senate, and at the end of the act he was cheered vociferously and called out several times as well after the second act. Between the two

the company and rah away to Havana, leaving the company and rah away to Havana, leaving here her director and conductor, Max Maretz k and Tamberlik, taking with her Signor Torriani as conductor, but at the end she was the victim of her caprices and jealousy. After Salvini's season here we visited Boston

New York. The autlence emasse rose to their feet with a whirlwind of applause, yelling "Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!" lasting, according to my watch, just ten minutes. He was called and recalled before the curtain over a dozen times. The last scene of the fifth act, when he smothers Desdemona, looking the picture of a lion after his prey, and kills himself with a dagger, was the crowning success of his sublime performance. The entire press and the audlence declared him the greatest Othello that they had ever seen.

After the performance I went to see Salvini in his dressing room and found him stretched on a sofa breathing like a gladlator after a long combat, and so exhausted that he hardly could speak a word, nor could his valet undress him for fully half an hour after, I congratulated him for the friumph he had scored, and he, in a whispering voice, said: "Are you contented?" "Oh, Salvinia," embracing and kissing him with tears of joy in my eyes, I tenlied. "To the algolic of the property of the victim of her captrices and jealousy. After Salvini's season here we visited Boston for a week; his success was alike here, and so on in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cities of the East, West, and so in the principal cites of the East, West, and so in the principal cites

her, and as I was busy, did not have a chance to go and see her, as I had promised.

On the morning of the 24th Monsieur Nugent came again and begged me to go to see her, and I promised bim on my word of honor that I would see madenoiselle at 12 o'clock. In a chat with my wife after the departure of Nugent, the said: "I heard Di Murska in concerts and operas and I think she is magnificent, phenomenal, and no doubt she will be the second Parepa to you. She has drawn crowds at the Grand Opera House, and the people are wild over her. Do take her, and take, once only, my advice." "But, my dear wife." I said. "they say that she is very capricious and queer." "Never mind what they say. You can manage her with your famous patience, your sweet words and smooth ways, and fatherly embraces [winking] with your prime donne. As you succeeded in managing that hard-headed Dutchman, Wachtel, you will surely manage Di Murska; as you have succeeded with all your prime donne." I took her advice and I went to see Di Murska at the appointed time. She received me hayfully, and then I said: "Dear, Mile, di Murska, your prayer to your Madonna is verified, but to tell you the truth I am not inclined to be your manager, for the following reasons: They have told me that you are very capricious, queer, eccentric, and once your n away from Manleson, and you are me panarella." I said this in jest, and she laughed heartily, telling me that it was all false, except the going away from Manleson, which action was not

jave told me that you are very capricious, queer, eccentric, and once you r n away from Mapleson, and you are man pagarella. I said this in; jest, and she laughed heartily, telling me that it was all false, except the going away from Mapleson, which action was not her fault but of that hypocrite Henry Jarrett, who was then the agent of Nilsson, "and fearing that I should be a danger ris rival to Nilsson, persuaded me not to go back with Mapleson, but remain in Vienna unless Mapleson paid me 15,000 francs per month, while my contract was for the second year 12,000 francs per month, and the third year 15,000 francs me what the contract called for, as Mine, Pitiens objected to the new stipulation with the Colonel. You believe me. Signor, don't you? "she said. "To be my manager, and you will find out that I have no capprices. I may be eccentric, but I am conscientious, and will never disappoint the public, unless I am really sick, and I will sing whatever piece you choose to put in the programme, except the aria in the 'Magic Flutc.' That you will please tell me two days in advance, to put me in trim for that difficult sone; and here is my reperiore of over forty pieces of romances, cavatines, arias, French, tierman, Hungarian, and English songs, all oduets, trios, and ouartets, to choose what you please. Are you satisfied now?"

"Yes, do it and I will sign it, "she replied." She accepted my terms and we both signed the contract, which I hold in remembrance of her. the most conscientious, hard-working, and obedient prima donna I ever managed, except Farepa Rosa, who had the instinct of Jealousy. It will write the contract now."

"Yes, do it and I will sign it, "she replied." She accepted my terms and we both signed the contract, which I hold in remembrance of her. the most conscientious, hard-working, and obedient prima donna I ever managed, except Farepa Rosa, who had the instinct of

STORIES TOLD BY SIGNOR ARDITI. Identified by the Back of His Head-A.

an Umbrella-Alboni's Superstition. In his "Reminiscences" just published in London, Signor Arditi, the veteran opera conductor, tells many good stories, and does not spare himself when the laugh is on him. This is how he tells his experience with an American bank clerk:

Singer with Nothing On-"Norma" Under

"I was in receipt of a check from Mapleson. and being anxious to cash it, I drove one afternoon, just before closing time, to the bank at which it was made payable. When presenting the check the clerk asked me if I had not brought any one w. o could identify me. I laughed, and said: 'Don't you know me? I am Signor Arditi.' The man still appeared to be uncertain as to my identity, when a happy thought occurred to me. I asked, 'Do you ever go to the opera?' The clerk replied, 'Yes, often.' Then I turned my back, and raised my hat, disclosing my bald head. 'Do you not know me now?' I urged. A grin spread all over his countenance, and he exclaimed, 'Oh, yes; now I know that you are Signor Arditl; it's all right; here's the money!" In London, at a promenade concert, one of the

stitute had to be found. Arditi says: "Mile, de Lido, that charming Russian vocalst, was seated with her mother in a box, so I ran up stairs and begged her to help us out of our predicament. Womanike, although she was willing to assist, she thought at once of her tollet, and said: 'How can I sing? I am not dressed.

"I persuaded her to consent, however, and in my pleasurable excitement at the good news I hurried onto the platform to announce it to the public. Ere I bethought myself the words were out of my mouth. This is what I said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to say although Mile, de Lido has nothing on, she has kindly consented to sing in place of Miss X," In Dublin the gallery gods were on familiar erms with him.

'My appearance in the orchestra was greeted with robust shouting and applause, while such exclamations as 'Viva Victor Emmanuel?' 'Bravo, Arditi!' 'Where's your wig?' and 'How's the Macaroni ?' were to be heard emanating from all parts of the house. They even cheered my wife when she entered her box, and cries of 'Three cheers for Madame Arditi and all the little Ard itis!" brought down the house." Another Dublin story relates to the perform-ance of Verdi's "Macbeth."

"A funny incident occurred that night during the performance, and one which, although it had well nigh escaped my memory, is worthy of record. In the sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth, when the nurse and the doctor appear on the stage together, and confabulate with one another, a loud voice suddenly called out from

Macbeth, when the nurse and the doctor appear on the stage together, and confabulate with one another, a loud voice suidenly called out from the gallery, cansing a roar of laughter in the middle of a most serious scene, 'Hallo, doctor' Well is it a boy or a girl?''

Ardit's best known composition is the waltz song "Il Bauo, which Adelina Patti used to sing in the lesson scene of the Barbiere di Siviglia,' and which has been ground out on hand organs throughout the world since 1859. Of this he says:

"Although I was fortunate in 'hitting off' the public taste so conspicuously with regard to this song, incredible as it may seen, I sold 'Il Bacio' to the firm of Cramer, together with three other compositions, for the sum of 250. From that day to this I have never increased my profit to the extent of six petase in connection with that song. Flaxland, of the Place de la Madeleine, who gave 400 francs for the French copyright, on the contrary, made a fortune of 400,000 francs out of the transaction, and boasts that the beautiful business house he was able to build in Paris was the outcome of the enormous profits he derived from my composition, while I heard that the copper plates and copyright of 'Il Bacio' were sold a few years ago in London for the sum of 25010." He was unable to accommodate himself to the slowness of Philadelphia.

"I was walking through the 'Quaker City' one afternoon, when I heard my noor 'Il Bacio' valse being played in such a drawing, funeral leant, on a decreoil hand organ, that I made a rish for the wretch who was massacring my music an: remonstrated with him vebenently. He coolly told me that if I did not approve of the femio I could play it myseif, with which impertinent suggestion I immediately compiled. At that moment I espied one or two members of our company, who were strolling in my direction, and selzing the handle of the organ I he gan to grind out the air, to their intense astoration, and selzing the handle of the organ I he gan to grind out the air, to their intense astoration, an

and Grisi, instead of appearing in her tra-ditional white robe with flowing folds, was compelled to come on the stage wearing a huge fur clock, in which she was huddled up almost

ditional white robe with flowing folds, was compelled to come on the stage wearing a large for cloak, in which she was huddled up almost to her eyes.

"The house only really rose to the occasion with loud bursts of laughter when Mario made his entrance holding a coachman's umbrella over his head—he, as Polito, being confronted by Norma in their tragical meeting—under which prosaic sateguards both artists cowered while singing their grand duo. The roof of the theatre had given way under the weight of a heavy fall of snow, and its coating of ice, melting under the heat of the gas, was streaming down on the artists."

And finally a C hicago story of Alboni.

"Alboni was a martyr to supersition. She would never sing on the thirteenth of any month if she could possibly avoid it, or sit down thirteen to table, or travel, or sign a contract on a day signalized by that inausticous number. Like most singers, she was subject to acute nervous attacks, and any incident in connection with this dreaded date always filled her mind with misgivings of impending fill-luck.

"Once, on the occasion of our first visit to Chicare, a very small and insignificant town in those days, colonized, as far as I could judge, largely by pigs, wearrived late, and just intime to reture too the night. A great quantity of lugging had been sent on by train in advance, and at the best hotel for Alboni.

"The proprietor had been informed of Madame's lainful superstitionsness, and had been implored not to give her Room No. 13. As it happened, however. Room No. 13 was the prima doma on that varieticular occasion, and, in order that she should not become aware of this unlucky fact, the hotel manager caused a piece of paper to be carefully and defuly gummed over the painted number outside her bedroom door. All went smoothly at first. Alboni was usbred into the carefully and defuly gummed over the painted number outside her bedroom door. All went smoothly at first. Alboni was discreted to her mad, and she was served with super preparatory to going to bed the candle in one hand and the fatal piece of paper bearing the fictitious number in the other! And, what is more, she was not to be beaten. No persuasion on earth would induce her to retire quietly to rest in No. 13. No one could resist her piesding eyes and face; so finally an elderly gentleman was poitely but irmly asked to give up his room, which had to be thoroughly rearranged while he stood about shivering and discomined, awaiting the signal to take possession of the room bearing the fatal number."

102 YEARS OLD 10-DAY Mrs. Martha Squire Celebrating Her Birth.

To-day, almost at the threshold of the twenleth century, a child of the eighteenth century may be seen welcoming her descendants on her 1024 birthday in the village of Nelsonville, on the eastern edge of Cold Spring on the Hudson, On Oct. 11, 1794, at Pound Ridge, up in Westchester county, about forty miles from the New York City Hall as the crow files, Patty Holmes was born. She is now Mrs. Martha Squire. As proof of her great age there is the family Bible in which the record of the births and marriages of her father and mother and all her brothers and sisters have been carefully and neatly kept. The town records of old Bedford, in Westchester county, show that in 1681 John Holmes, Sr., who was the grandfather of her grandfather's grandfather (Martha Squire being in descent from him; came with the first settlers as one of the patentees of the town. The Indians being then troublesome, it was

agreed at a meeting that "if any house is forti-

fled it shall be John Holmes's." Thus she is as much of an American as it is possible for one of

Anglo-Saxon blood to be. Her father was a

Revolutionally soldier, of whom she was the

On March 1, 1812, Patty Ho'mes was married singers backed out at the last moment. A sub- | months later war broke out between England and the United States and Lewis Squire promptly enlisted. He was a member of Capt.

promptly enlisted. He was a member of Capt, Travis's company, which was stationed in this city for its defence. He served through the war, about three years, and was honorably discharged. Mrs. Squire graws a small pension from the United States as his widow. Her husband died April 11, 1834, leaving her with ten children, the youngest an infant.

And here is another striking fact: Mrs. Martha Squire is perhaps the oldest widow now living. Where is there another who has survived her husband, faithful to his memors, for sixty-two years and six months, as she has? Perhaps this stateds unparalleled as a record of American widowhood.

Of her ten children seven are yet living and all of them have been useful and respected citizens. The youngest of her children is 63 years of age and the anied ages of herself and the seven living children is 600 years. Several of her boys were workers in the West Point foundry manufacturing cannon and missles for use during the civil war. She has about fifty descendants, most of whom will be with her to-day.

Up to bee one hundredth year her memory was

fifty descendants, most of whom will be with her fo-day.

Up to her one hundred th year her memory was excellent, but it has since failed rapadly. She rises early, remains up all day, and goes to bed refuctantly. It is often difficult to nersuade her to go to bed at 10 P. M. Her appetite and digestion have been excellent until very recently. She does not like to have a doctor called in to attend her. A few months ago, when she was rather ill, her daughters proposed to call in the neighboring physician. She protected, and when present for a reason said:

"It he comes and I should die he will say I "If he comes ned I should die he will say I died of old age." She has evidently madeup her mod that she is not going to be misrepresented.

mod that she is not going to be misrepresented if she can help it.

Born two years before Washington gave to the world his Farewell Address, she has lived under every President of the United States, she remembered well seeing, when five years of age, people at church wearing crape at the time of Gen, Washington's death.

A SLIGHT INTERRUPTION.

Inclident of a Reporter's Visit to a Fire Engine House, A reporter who had sought at a fire engine louse information on a point concerning which the driver could best inform him, stood talking The horse was secured by a tie strap commonly used in the department. One end of the tie strap is made fast by a staple driven into the side of the stall, while the other end is passed through the throatlanch of the buse's hidde, and held on a pin that rases in a little recess in the side of the stall. By means of a simple mechanical contrivance the one is pulled down at the first streke of the goas when an alarm is sounded, the first streke of the goas when an alarm is sounded, the first streke of the goas when an alarm is sounded, the first streke of the goas when an alarm is sounded, the first streke of the goas when an alarm is set free. As the driver and the reporter taked, the horse, in a friendly sort of way, bent his head down toward the driver.

Suddenly an alarm was sounded and the horse was transformed and likewise the driver. The horse's head went up and no was alert in every fibre. At the first stroke the pin had dropped and the horse was free. With a single bound he cleared the stall and made for his place by the engine, with the driver heside him. The two other horses of the team—this was a three-horse team—were clustering forward at the same monnent. At the front of the house men were sliding down poles like lightning.

There were a few sharp, quick, enapping counds, as the men already there snapped the collars together around the horses' necks, and over it all the bomming of the going.

In all the newer fire houses no that the horses shall have the shortest possible distance to go. In some of the older houses in which there is less room the stalls are at the rear. That is where they were in this house.

Surprised a little, the reporter had lost a second, or two in getting to the front. When he got there he saw the driver in his seat, helding the lines over the team ready to dire out, and waiting only for the last stroke on the gong.

All fire teams are hooked up on every alarm; on first alarm they go out only to free within their own district. This alarm was for a fire outside the district, Unh with the driver by the stall of one of the horses. The horse was secured by a tie strap commonly

BARNESLEY'S FOLLY.

The Bream of an English Millionnire Who Envested in Confederate Bonds, About five years before the breaking out of

the war Mr. Godfrey F. Barnesley, who had been Eritish Consul at New Orleans for many years, came to the mountains of north Georgia in search of a healthier and more agreeable climate than that of Louisians. The Western and Atlantic Railroad had just been completed, and the appearance of the country, then little settled, suited his ideas of seclusion He was the younger son of a large landed proprietor in England, and his purpose was to

establish himself in this country after the manner of his race in the old country. He was worth a million and a half, a big fortune for that day, and he could afford to indulge his fancies. He found a large tract of unoccupied land

about thirteen miles above Rome, which he was able to purchase at a very low flaure, for Georgia mountain lands were not valued very highly at a time when the desire of settlers generally was to secure lands that would produce the biggest crops of cotton. He bought 4,000 acres in a body, including a lovely valley in the foothills of the Unaka Mountains, and on a commanding eminence he proceeded to build a mansion, the like of watch had never been seen in this country.

He imported an architect, who planned the tructure after the style of an English manor. with towers and gargoyles cellars and servants' quarters, stables and kennels, with a porter's lodge at the entrance, the whole mod elled after the lordly estate of some opulent landed proprietor

He imported hedge plants and shrubbery or the grounds, planted a long avenue of elms, and laid out an extensive deer park. The estate was the wonder of the countryside, and was referred to by the unsophisticated natives as "Barnesley's Folly." So soon as there were enough rooms completed to ac-rommodate them the family moved in, so that the owner could more conveniently superintend the building. The portion of the house that was completed was furnished in the most sumptuous style, with solid mahogany furniture and costly carpets, with a table service of solid silver, and quantities of old china and bric-3-brac of all sorts, which Mr. Barnesley had collected in his travels.

He had one clock that had ticked the hours

away amid the luxurious elegance of the Tuileries, which he had picked up curing his diplomato' service in the French capital, and which afterward brought a fancy price at the sale of his effects for distribution among his heirs. His wines were of the rarest vintage and his cellar well stocked. One lot of fine old Madeira he shipped from France, reshipped it, and brought it back again, for no other reason than the theory that the bouquet was improved by the ocean voyage.

He never purchased any slaves, going on the idea that as Great Britain had abolished slavery at home, it would be an act of disloyaly on his part, as a British subject, to counenance slavery by buying them, and as he clung tensciously to his British allegiance, he was always a sort of rara axis in this country a rich man without negroes.

Despite his anti-slavery sentiments, however, he was a strong Southern sympathizer, and when the war came on he gave the cause of ecession all the countenance and encouragement that he possibly could without actually

His massive building was not more than half ompleted according to the plans when the war began. Mr. Barnesley purchased heavily of Confederate bonds, and was an enthusiastic believer in the success of the Jeff Davis faction. One of his daughters had married a certain Capt. Baltzell, a flery descendant of an old French family, and Capt. Baltzell enlisted in French family, and Capt. Baitzell enlisted in the Confederate service and went to the front. Work was temporarily suspended on the building because of the scarcity of material and labor brought on by the war. Mr. Barnesley hoisted the British flag above his home and con fined to invest his cash in Confederate bonds until the bulk of his fortune was involved. Sherman started on his march to the sea, and not far below Resaca battlefield he struck Harnesley's domain and found the British flag protecting as strong a Southern sympathizer as he discovered in Georgia. The house stands on a hill in the midst of a sweeping valley and forms a fine strategic point for defence, which the "onfederates, retreating sullenly inch by inch, and disputing the massage of every mountain stream between Atlanta and Chattanooga, were not slow to take advantage of, and a stubborn fight took place as few miles further down, and his mangled corpse was carried home to his young brile at Barnesley. But the saddest tragedy of all was the death of Capt, Baitzell, which occurred a tew days afterward at a fight that took place as few miles further down, and his mangled corpse was carried home to his young brile at Barnesley's Both officers were buried in the grounds near the residence, and their grounds near the residence, and their grounds are the residence and their temporals of the dark days of that condict when the entire length of the route from Chattanooga, to Atlanta became a battlefield, and

graves are pointed out to visitors to-day as mute menorials of the dark days of that condict when the entire length of the route from Chattanooga to Atlanta became a battlefield, and the brood-stained page of history was punctuated with soldiers' graves.

The feeble light of the Confederacy slowly flickered before the blaze of Sherman's cannon and finally went out. With its extinguishing perished the hopes of the proud proprietor of Barnesley's. The British flag which had protected his property from the incursions of the Federal and Confederate soldiers was of no avail in averting the disaster that followed the collapse of Confederate securities, and he found himself ba krupt in the midst of the ruins of the magnificant estate he had planned and half completed.

The loss of his money broke his heart, and his death followed a few months after the close of the war. His wife had died before, and his two sons and two daughters were left to face a world from which they could expect but little sym, athy, because of the peculiar circumstances of their birth and education as aliens in the land of their nativity. The family became scattered, Mrs. Baltzell alone remaining, the other daughter marrying an Englishman and taking up her residence in England. Mrs. Baltzell married again, but her husband a man named Schwartz, was in moderate circumstances, and incapable of doing anything toward redeening the property. her husband, a man named Schwartz, was in moderate circumstances, and incapable of doing anything toward redeeming the property.

The place fell into decay, the costly shrubbery and English elms, imported at great expense, became dwarfed, and the brambles and briers ran riot over the scenes that had dazzled the eyes of the natives in t. eir former salender. The sons grew up, and young Godfrey is now in South Africa trying his fortings among the Boers and l'Itlanders in the Transvani, where he was an active participant in Jameson's raid.

Lucien is a coffee planter in Brazil, where it is said he is pushing himself forward with the pluck and determination characteristic of his race.

pant in Jameson's raid.

Incient is a coffee plainter in Brazil, where it is said he is pushing himself forward with the pluck and determination characteristic of his race.

Several years ago the place was morgaged and, as the interest accumulated, the property became hopelessiy livolved, so that the foreclosure was meritable. It was duly advertised and sold, J. E. Dean, a young lawyer of Rome, who has acted as attorney for the heirs for several years, biblding in the 4,000 acres at \$8,278,50, or a little more than \$2 an acre. Another romantle incident is connected with the old homestead. It was there that Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, how a celebrated Southern author, but then a beginner struggling for literary recountion, wrote the first of her hooks that established her regulation as a writer of fiction. The bask was called '81, 2010,' and of all of her novels it is still the favorits with the reading public. Some of the order at secres were laid in the neighborhood of Farmesiey's, and some of the leading characters were suggested by the people whom she met in that neighborhood.

In the spring, when the mountain laurel and the rhododendrous are in bloom, the scenery is whilly beautiful and picture que. The private hedges planted by the founder suggest an English estate, and a find hold spring bursts up at the read of the slone, shaded by a grove of silver maples. The place le a favorite resort for romantic lavers, and many are the matches that have been made among the youthful pleasure seekers there.

Mrs. Baitzell's second bushand, a young German, attempted to relovenate the old place by turning it into an extensive vinyard, but was unsuccessful, and died, leaving the daughter of the house a widow for the second time. Since her second bergavene it will give for the second continuous and the place, living in reduced circumstances, though one of the most cultivated women in all this recion. Her life has been full of vicissitudes, and in spite of all her efforts to keep the property in the family it has now passe

ROME, Ga., Oct. 3.

EX-JUDGE COULTER.

the penalties of retirement from public service

and from an active part in public affairs

that the statesman who thus withdraws is sup-

the infirmities of advanced years, but from

wounds sustained in the civil war during which

he served in the Union army. He was, if not the last, nearly the last connecting link between

the politics of two generations ago on the west

the youthful politicians of the block opposite.

Between Two Political Generations, A NEW CHAPTER OF HER HISTORY There are very few persons of adult years on

OPENED BITH A RING. the upper west side of New York who have not at some time or other asked the question, " How Inattention of Young Women Under Certain long ago did Judge Coulter die?" very few persons, that is, connected with or knowing others connected with politics. In thickly populated New York neighborhoods it is one of Circumstances - Brawbacks of a Maid Ser. vant with a Sense of Tumor-Circl Exui-

bition of Philippa's Inconcement Ring, "What has become of Philippal" some one ald to me the other un; I could not conceal my

PHILIPPA'S LOVE AFFAIR.

posed by many to be dead, and the question folows naturally, "When did he die?" In fact, Philippa!" I repeated. "Yes. You haven't said anything about her ex-Judge Coulter died on Sept. 30 in his home at Saybrook, Conn., not as the result of

or two or three weeks." "But-didn't you know?" I asked My friend looked startled, she had the same expression I once saw in the face of a man who had been abroad all summer, and had

just met an old friend down in Washington

side of town, and was long a ruddy and familiar "Well," he said, cordially, after the first greeting, "and how has your wife been stand figure in the Twenty-second ward. To those familiar with municipal politics in these days it ng the heat?" "My wife "-" said his friend, "my wife died seems strange that any considerable politician should be known only in a ward of a town, or ast spring." should have been able to exercise a large influ-

Words cannot paint the expression of the reence in one ward particularly and to have been turned traveller when he heard this reply entirely without influence in every other ward; my friend's face, the other day, gave a premy but such was the case when district rivalries begood imitation of it. tween the various wards of New York were so

"Why-why," she stammered, "I den't sharp that the young men of one ward would mean that Philippa is -1s - "
"Oh, no," I hastened to reassure her, "lottippa isn't dead. Not at all! She's alive, p. n. organize to meet the young men of another in any sort of encounter, physical or political, and the youthful politicians of one block would, know; oh, yes, very much alive! The only under a chosen leader, array themselves aga not trouble with Philippa is that she has furgetten that the rest of us are also in existence."
"What do you mean?" demanded my friend James E. Coulter was born in Ireland on

April 21, 1821. He was educated in Washington county, N. Y., and was originally a policewith a perplexed accent on the "do." "Mean! Evidently you do not remember. man, becoming Captain of the Twenty-second do not know, that Philippa is in love. precinct in 1857 under the Municipal police. "Why, yes! I remember. You mentioned He was in politics an ardent Whig, a leader of

He was in politics an ardent Whig, a leader of the Whig party in his ward, and one of the "Irish Whiga" who brought to the Republican party on its organization so much popular fervor in all of the large cities of the North at that time. So strong was he in his belief in the endurance of Whig principles that he called one of his sons Thurlow Weed Coulter and another Winfield Scott Coulter. At the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted in the Union army, and was wounded in the arm at the battle of Bull Run. Returning to New York he reentered politics and became a candidate for Alderman, three times successfully and one time unsuccessfully, his opponent being one of the numerous Masterson family of the neighborhood. Prior to the so-called Tweed charter of 1870, the Department of Charities and Correction was a State Commission, two of the Commissioners being Republicans and two Democrate, on the non-partisan plan which still roles in the New York Police Hausertment. several weeks ago." "And do you mean to say," I asked, "that you knew that Philippa was in love and yet rou come and ask me what has become of her?"

"Well-I-I-," my friend murmured.
"It must be," I said, "that you have never and a friend was fell in love. Is that it?" "I-I don't really know."

I looked intently at her.

"Humph!" I remarked. "I understand, Why, it's as plain as-as you are pretty, when you stand there and blush at the very mention of being in love. I don't know why I didn't guess it before. You're in love yourself. You needn't deny it?" which was entirely unneces sary for me to say, as my friend showed no

signs of denying it.
"Oh, you little hyper-happy goese, blush on!" I said, which was also an unnecessary admonition. "Don't mind me, I'm just as hardened to it as people ever get. Not that we ever get very hardened to it, anyway. I suppose I ought to have said 'softened to it.' But there's no use wasting subtle distinctions on either you or Philippa. You're a precious pair! May the gods preserve me from falling into the hands of any more of you! Have you heard anything I have been saying?" turning so suddealy that my friend started in alarm.

"There, never mind. You can't help it. 1a fact, I don't think you are in quite so bad a way as Philippa is, for you remembered her existence and inquired after her. Philippa won't do as much for you. You may be sure of that. She has forgotten us both, Philippa's present idea of the earth is that it is a supremely beautiful place, peopled and quite sufficiently so) by two human beings. That is, she considers one of them, herself, as human, The other one (you know Mr. Black(ston) is perhaps a little less than half human, or perhaps wholly divine. I really can't say to what lengths Philippa goes in her inmost

"You don't mean to say that Philippa thinks Mr. Blackiston-" my friend began. Then she paused.

"Yes, my dear, she does. You must rememher that Mr. Blackiston is the man Philippa loves, not the fortunate individual who has won your own magnifying-glass affection," and with that I passed on. It was rather late that night when I got

home, and we sat down to dinner as soon as I had taken off my things. "I saw a friend of yours to-day," I re-

marked, as I unfolded my napkin. "Um." murmured Philipps, absently,

the neighborhood. Prior to the so-called Tweed charter of 1870, the Department of Charities and Correction was a State Commission, two of the Commissioners being Republicans and two Democrate, on the non-partiasan plan which still rules in the New York Police Department. These Commissioners had the appointment of a large staff, and they made ex-Alderman Coulter Warden of the City Prison. Mark Finley being then the clerk and Flora Foster the matron. The Tombs of twenty-flev years ago was not the extensive institution it has become, and there were under the administration of Warden Coulter seventeen keepers only.

In the election succeeding Mr. Coulter's appointment, Police Judges, then voted for and not appointed, were chosen for the last time by this method in New York, and the context between the different nominees is well remembered by all of the old inhabitants in the neighborhood. The place sought was that of Judge of the Yorkville or East Fifty-seventh street court, the office of Police Judges in the Yorkville court at that time were Michael Connelly, otherwise called "the big Judge," and Richard Kelly. The big Judge, Connelly, had been for many years an opponent of Tammany Hall, but he had been placated by election in 1808 as Register, defeating for that office a no less conspicuous citizen of this town than Horace Greely. Connelly had joined Tammany, and his influence there was large enough to secure the nomination by the Tammany Hall Convention of his son-in-law, Henry Murray, who succeeded him. Henry Murray was nominated by Tammany, James E. Coulter by the Republican, and G. F. C. Dohremwend, a there were two outside candidates. In this quinquangular contest the sentiments of the voters were entirely eclipsed by the attempts of the politicians of both sides to do a liberal amount of repeating and false counting. Probably there never had been so great an amount of fraud at the polis in New York on both sides. Even after hundreds of repeaters had voted without molestation in various places, and after the "Yes. It was that Miss What's her name, that lives over in Brooklyn," taking the plate hat Philippa handed me across the table. We don't insist on the maid's serving at table, except when we feel ourselves real strong. She isn't what you would call experienced, our maid isn't. And she lacks self-possession. If she worked for people who were less entertaining than Philippa and I are, she might do better. But with us she listens wi

less entertaining than Philippa and I are, she might do better. But with us she listens with flattering interest to our whole conversation, and retires into the folds of the portieres to stifle her appreciation of our witticisms, or what she considers as such. She isn't exactly reposeful, and we haven't had her in the Johning room very much since the day she served the cantaloupe. She brought it in whole on a plattel large enough to contain the head of John the Baptist. As she approached, the table, Philippa forgot herself so far as 13 make a mild joke.

Lillie-Lillie is the maid's name, she being as black as the ace of spades-immediately went into a convulsion of laughter, and the cantaloupe took a slide off the platter and landed under the edge of the table. But his lie was equal to the occasion. She precipitates herself upon it as if it had been a football, rescovered it, restored it to the itatter, and presented it with undiminished, if breathless, go if himmer. We admired Liflie's agility, but as found it too exciting. We feared that a might injure our disestion, so, as I say a don't have her in the dming room except when we feel real strong.

Philippa handed me the plate and I took held of it. She did not release it at once, however, and I looked up questioningly.

"What is that girl's name?" I resumed. "What is that girl's name?" I resumed. "What is that girl's name?" I resumed. "What girl'" "That Brooklyn girl?"

"What one?" "Double a seemed to pay unusual attention to ber dinner.

Impatiently.

No reply. Philippa seemed to pay unusual attention to her dinner.

"Bon't you know?" I asked.

signalized his exercise of it by acpointing Henry, Marray. Thus the wrong done the voting system for Police Judges, though all the other Judges of New York of criminal or civil jurisdiction, high or low, are elected by the people. The changes of politics in New York city are surprising to the uninitiated, and in the Presidential election of 187d, seven years later, Mr. Coulter was the Assembly candidate on the Tammany Hall ticket, running at the same election that Mr. Tilden was chosen President. From a Republican, Judge Coulter became a Tammany Hall man. From a Tammany Hall man. From a Tammany Hall man his successor, Judge Murray, became one of the founders and active leaders of the County Democracy, and Judge Coulter retired to private life only to emerge again in the election of 1890, when he was a candidate for the office of Aiderman, but was defeated by the Tammany Hall nomnee, Judge Coulter's last appearance in politics was as one of the delegates to the Anti-snap Convention favoring Cleveland's renomination, in Syracuse, May 31, 1892. He and Murray were, with former Congressman John Quinn, the three delegates to that Convention from the district which, under various names and changes, has included the Twenty-second ward, or most of it, and the Twenty-second ward, or most of it, and the Twenty-second ward, or most of it, and the Twenty-second precinct as it was bounded at the time that Mr. Coulter was Police Captain in charge. It is very rare in the politics of the city of New York that there is to be found anyone who has had so varied a career as James E. Coulter, Police Oaptain, solder, Alderman, Warden of the Tombs, Police Judge, and member of Assembly, and it is still rarer that any ward or district leader is able to retain his influence in politics for a period stretching over the rivil vive years in the same neighborhood. But exceptions which prove the rule, in politics as elsewhere, and the recent death of Judge Coulter pecalis another matter of interest to those not familiar with the same neighbor

From the Detroit I res Press,

A young business man wont home the other evening with a very line feather duster for his wife, who is a practical housekeeper, aisest she is also a graduate of Vassar and well up in all the issue and ologies of the day, it must be remembered that the conversation which ensued was not held in the dark ages, but in the present enlightenment of the nineteenth century.

why, the one I was just terms you are impatiently.
No reply. Philippa seemed to pay unusual attention to ber dinner.
"Don't you know?" I asked.
"The huh." absent mindedly.
"Well, what is it?" in despair.
"What, are you talking about?" with some show of interest at last.
"About that girl."
"What girl?"
I groaned.
"I—told—you." I said, with emphasis, "that I—met a friend—of yours—to-day."
"I'm." assented Philippa, without a shadow of comprehension.
"All right" I thought to myself. "Viright. If she thinks I'm going to sit free and try to wring attention and response out a a graven image that just says. "Um." and I have a myself to my plate.

If I had thought that Philippa would resume the conversation. I was mistaken. She will myself to my plate.

If I had thought that Philippa would resume the conversation. I was mistaken. She will not cutting my things and reaching out for fise pepper and the oil and the vine rar, and direction. Finally she stretched her armond across the table and slowly picked up is said fork which lay be side up plate.
"May I dress your said!" she asked.
"May I dress your said!" she asked.
"Never mind." I said. "And if you was anything more and will ask me for it. I wall all over the table."

Philippa made a face at me.
"You stund, blind thing," she exclaim it tenderly. Oh, yes, it was tenderly said. "though I don't take much comfort to my fitted therefor. It was simply her missed.

"Haven't I been trying to attract your after though I don't take much comfort to my fitted therefor. It was simply her missed.

"Haven't I been trying to attract your after though I don't take much comfort to my fitted therefor. It was simply her missed.

"Haven't I been trying to attract your after though I don't take much comfort to my fitted therefor. It was simply her missed.

"Haven't I been trying to attract your after the office of the lunchiness of this grow another. Well, prophe who haven't have any the said thought have any done that the last the said thought have any done the last the last the last the the present enlightenment of the nineteenth century.

"Here's something you'll appreciate, Maud." he said as he began to undo the numerous wrappings. "There was only one, and it came over in two ships."

"What in the world is it, you dear old thing?" cited Maud, dancing around him.

"Guess, sweetheart."

"Oh, I know, It's a new umbrella for my birthday."

"Nothing of the sort. Shut your eyes, Now open them. There!"

An immense distinct of magnificent peacock feathers released from its sheath of wrappings was flourished before the young woman's eyes. She gave one look at it, then burst out crying. "Maud, what is the matter?"

"Oh, thands, how could you? Oh, oh, oh."

"Well, Ilke that. Upon my word I do,"

"Oh, you cruet boy, when you know how hound-unitary it is to interest. bers release.

A flourisher before

A gave one look at it, then one

gave one look at it, then one

gave one look at it, then one

One, lande, one could your Oh, oh, oh,

Well, I like that I 'pon my word I do."

Oh, you cruet boy, when you know how not united the house, and what dreadful trouble it makes in the house, and what dreadful trouble it makes

"Then you don't want this feather duster?"

"Mand."

"Not for the world."

"Mand."

"I seems to me fastly overflows with happung who are in the light. "It seems to me that all 'the light." It seems to me that all 'the light. "It seems to me that all 'the light." It seems to me that all 'the light. "It seems to me that all 'the light." It seems to me that all 'the light. "It seems to me that all 'the light." It seems to me that all 'the light. "It seems to me that all 'the light." It seems to me that all 'the light. "It seems to me that all 'the light." It seems to me that all 'the light. "It seems to me that all 'the light." It seems to me that all 'the light. "It seems to me that all 'the light." It seems to me that all 'the light. "It seems to me that all 'the light." It seems to me that a